



On the Day of the Indian Fair

By Ethel May Wheeler



JOHNNY FALL-WIND was a little Indian boy of the Mohawk tribe, who lived on a Government Reservation. His father was Chief Thunder-Cloud and his mother, Silver-Water, was the daughter of a chief of another tribe.

It was almost time for the annual fair on the Reserve. This was held on Johnny's birthday anniversary, which was in the fall of the year. The Indian lad would soon be ten years old. His grandmother told him he wanted him to grow up to be a big, war-loving chief, but his mother said she hoped Johnny would be a peace-loving, quiet citizen. Grandmother looked quite angry when mother said that, and Johnny Fall-Wind could not understand why.

There was something else that puzzled him. He could not comprehend what had come over many of the Indian men on the Reserve. They seemed disturbed, and held meetings often at his father's house. Johnny's grandmother and several others who were very old usually had the most to say at these meetings. Chief Thunder-Cloud was never around when these gatherings were held. But Johnny's mother was there, and although the boy was always put to bed before the men came, he could not help overhearing some of the things they said, for often they talked very loud.

On the day of the fair a great many white people came from about the country in their cars or wagons; the Indians turned out in full native dress — feathers and beads being displayed in all their

gay colorings. This was the general custom; but on ordinary days the Indians wore the white-man's style of dress.

In the village there was a post-office and general store, a church where a kind missionary came every Sunday to talk to the people. They had a Sunday school, too, for the young folks, and Johnny Fall-Wind liked nothing better than to go there.

The farms all around were thriving, for there had been a fine crop of grain that season. Now the trees were a golden and red color, and the warm wind and blue haze in the air made Johnny feel quite lazy. Chief Thunder-Cloud called the season "Indian Summer."

When the fair opened, early in the morning, a crowd of people had already gathered. The booths were bright with gay baskets, beads, and blankets or rugs, which were displayed in great piles. Johnny thought one basket, that his mother had made, especially beautiful. Then there was the old Indian blanket made by his grandmother many years ago; the fair would not have been complete without it.

"This is your tenth birthday, Johnny Fall-Wind," said grandmother. "Today you shall be dressed in fine style, feathers, moccasins and all!"

And Johnny Fall-Wind did make a wonderful appearance when they finished dressing him! Then grandmother demanded that mother dress like an old-time Indian squaw, and she refused, which made trouble right away. How uncomfortable Johnny felt; he wished the day were over. But at last mother and he left their home for the fair grounds. Grandmother could not go because of her rheumatism. The chief had gone long before, and Johnny felt proud of his father when he saw him directing the men who gave prizes for the best cattle and horses. The chief, too, had declined to wear native dress. He told grandmother he was simply a loyal citizen and desired no high place among his men. But of course ruling they must have — honest,

helpful governing only. The white man always looked to Thunder-Cloud to settle any dispute among the Indians. They trusted him. And as a rule the natives were docile, trustworthy men.

"There are even more white men here than usual," remarked Johnny's mother, as they stood watching the crowds of people. "I am glad of that."

"Why are you glad?" asked the boy.

"It will help to steady our dissatisfied men," answered mother, and she looked quite stern.

The hours passed. Noon came with a great feast of corn, pemmican, or dried venison, and many other delicious eatables. Johnny's friends, for he was a popular little fellow — and beside, this was his birthday — treated him to all sorts of good things, until his mother finally put a stop to it just in time to save him from being ill.

Johnny was tired when at last mother said they must be going home. The chief would not be able to leave until everything was over and the crowds of people had gone. Johnny noticed that already the crowds were thinning, especially his own people, the Indians. Mother suddenly seemed in a great hurry to get home, and walked so fast that Johnny had difficulty in keeping up with her.

At length they reached their gate. Johnny thought he heard talking as they walked along the path to the house. The door was closed, even locked. Mother knocked loudly; not a sound in answer.

"Queer!" she exclaimed, as she rattled the door-knob.

"Who's there?" cried grandmother's sharp voice.

"Silver-Water! Open!" answered mother in an equally sharp tone.

Johnny Fall-Wind was afraid; why, he knew not. When the door was opened carefully and slowly, he peered anxiously into the gloomy room. He saw many Indians in war-paint and feathers, with tomahawks, bows and arrows, and even rifles — what did it mean?

Mother had forgotten Johnny Fall-Wind for the moment; she walked fearlessly into the house. But mother's face was quite pale, and Johnny heard a good deal of muttering in the Indian tongue.

He did not wait to hear what was said, however. He was tired, but he knew something must be done, and done quickly. He must run as fast as possible back to the fair, for his father. Yes — he was tired; but he could do it, he must! Almost a mile to go —

It was a breathless, hot, dusty little fellow who rushed up to the chief, sobbing that there was dire trouble! His mother was in danger!

"What's this?" cried Thunder-Cloud, taking the boy aside. The story, as Johnny knew it, was soon told. The chief gathered his friends about him, many white men and some faithful Indians. In a few minutes they were on their way, in cars, wagons, on horseback, to the chief's home. Johnny Fall-Wind rode beside his father in the sheriff's car.

All was quiet, seemingly, when they reached the house. Thunder-Cloud and Johnny entered their gate alone. Perhaps the other men would not be needed, and they waited patiently along the road.

"'Tis time you came," said mother, as the chief walked quickly indoors, still holding Johnny's small hand in his.

"I see that is true," answered Thunder-Cloud, and he truly looked his name! Walking across to the big fireplace, he took down his long-stemmed pipe from the rough mantel, and turning to the crowd of sullen Indians, asked, "Who smokes with me?"

There was no answer.

"My mother, who is old and understands not the new system of the present generation, is ambitious for her grandson. Perhaps she may be excused. But

who are you, that you violate the white-man's law? Was not the vote taken? Does not the majority rule? I will not talk with you now; but go! Within one hour I shall make the rounds, and it will mean harsh dealing with any who are not peaceably at home, when I arrive. Leave your weapons in that far corner as you pass out."

The Indians did as bid, and filed out past the stern chief, who, when all were gone, walked to the gate for a word with the sheriff. Soon every one had left. Thunder-Cloud stood looking far down the road. Presently a small brown hand slipped into his and Johnny Fall-Wind said,

"I want to be a big man, like you!"

"My boy," said the chief, "today you helped save this Reserve. When you are older you will understand better what this means to me. But you are old enough to know that it has been made a law — and a good one — that hereafter the chief of the Mohawks shall be elected and the office henceforth shall not be handed down from father to son. You would not wish to be chief when you are grown if others did not want you. It is a good law — the election of a chief, but some of the old people do not see it yet. We must try to make them see it, Johnny Fall-Wind!"

"Yes, father. If I ever am the chief I want to be elected by the people!"

"Good lad! That's the spirit!"

Chief Thunder-Cloud and his son walked back to the house where Silver-Water was preparing a birthday supper for her beloved child.

been picking blueberries just as you were."

"There he goes now," cried Luke pointing. "And he's no blueberry picker, if anybody asks me!"

Four pairs of eyes gazed down at the tall figure striding through the bushes below. The man's clothes were sodden like his shoes and he had a pack on his back. In his hands he seemed to be carrying various articles of "dunnage," and from a strap over his shoulder some dark object showed a bright glint now and then as the sun struck it. He was such a big man that he looked like a giant as he strode through the low undergrowth and disappeared in a jungle of pines.

"Come on down to where he was hiding," proposed Peter. "Maybe we can find out what he was doing there."

Rosette consented to go if she could keep hold of Peter's hand. Halfway down the Pearl Stairs she stopped to pull her old doll from the cubby-hole in the rock.

"Delinda May might get frightened staying in the Pearl Bedroom all by herself with such funny folks about," suggested the child. "She can finish her nap some other time."

When they looked over the brush heap they were more puzzled than ever. In the midst of it lay a sort of great basket roughly woven of boughs. It was large enough for a man to crouch in and they guessed that this was exactly what the giant had been doing. His head and shoulders had been hidden by something which was like a cover for the basket. It had been tossed off into the bushes and lay upside down a few feet away.

Peter frowned darkly as he looked. "It's some kind of ambush. I didn't notice that he had a gun among all that dunnage he was carrying, but he might have had. He must be some hunter trying to get a shot at our partridges. I flushed a pair right here as we came along this morning. Well, I advise him to look out! This is our pasture and we've a right to keep hunters out of it, I guess."

Luke pointed to a plain trail the giant had left in places where the dew was not quite dry. "Let's chase him up," cried the small boy valiantly.

"O Peter, do you think it's safe?" asked Isabel hastily. "He might really be a tramp, you know."

But Peter only laughed. "Let's not get it into our heads that there's anybody waiting to eat us up in Grandfather Tracy's old pasture. It would be a good idea to see where he goes."

Rosette looked doubtful but she made it plain that she should go if Peter did. Luke was ready enough and Isabel was too curious to be left behind. So away they all went, following the trail which led them to the north end of the pasture where they almost stumbled into a deep ravine with a brook at the bottom.

Peter whistled as he parted the bushes

The Stairway in the Cliff

By Mabel S. Merrill

CHAPTER FOUR



ISABEL looked where the child's trembling little finger was pointing.

But for the memory of the mysterious man in the apple tree the day before, there would have been nothing alarming in the sight they saw. It was only a man's khaki-clad leg coming slowly out of a brush heap not far away, but they knew it for one of the same legs they had seen dangling from the high perch in the apple tree. The sodden shoe was wet as if it had just been wading in a swamp, and it waved about wildly as the wearer tried to get free of the entangling brush. Then suddenly the

whole top of the heap went flying off into the bushes and the man, whose head had been quite concealed as he crouched underneath, came out into sight. He stood up, looking terribly tall over there in the tangle.

The sight was too much for little Rosette. "Peter, Peter," she shrieked and fled towards the Pearl Stairway, followed by Isabel who said afterwards that she ran too for fear. Rosette would get lost among the thickets.

All out of breath, they tumbled up the Stairway to find the boys who were dozing in the shade.

"What's up?" asked Peter drowsily.

"It's that man again," explained Isabel. "The one that was up in the apple tree yesterday. Anyhow, it was his leg."

"He was hiding in a brush heap so as to jump out and get us," sobbed Rosette.

"Nonsense, you funny baby!" Peter rumbled the short curls in a comforting way he had. "What would a big man want with silly little people who scream at nothing and run away? He must have

and looked down the steep bank to the water.

"I forgot all about Burnt Mill brook. This is it, you know. Dad has told us about it dozens of times. It flows down into our big river and is deep enough anywhere to float a skiff. There used to be a tool mill on it where it crosses the end of our field."

They were so interested in the brook that they scrambled down to the water with no more thought of the strange man. The ravine was a beautiful place with that quiet waterway winding like a silver-green road through the trees and bushes. A few yards from where they stood the brook widened to make room for a fairy island with one tall pine in the middle of water lilies blossoming as white as a snowdrift along its shore.

"Peter," begged Luke in great excitement, "can't we make a raft and go and discover that island? I've saved the flag I had for the school exercises on Flag Day and we'll have the Stars and Stripes floating from that big pine over there."

Peter had opened his mouth to answer when, in the dense shade of an overhanging thicket of vines and bushes, something stirred. It was a tall dark shape that glided silently out upon the water in such a mysterious way that the

four caught their breath and stared in mute amazement.

Peter was the first to make out that the strange object was a small flat-bottomed skiff with yards of dark cloth draped over some tall support in the middle. The cloth fell down tent fashion from this support and its hanging folds almost concealed the sides of the little boat. From under the edge of the cloth a paddle was noiselessly wielded by an unseen hand, so that the skiff went gliding over the water as if by magic.

Peter looked sharply at this strange object and made up his mind that he would get to the bottom of the mystery. The hidden boat was now moving away down the brook.

"I'm going to follow along the shore," declared Peter firmly. "The rest of you needn't come unless you like. But I've had enough of this funny business around here."

With that he began picking his way along the edge of the brook, the others following. But they did not get far. In a few minutes the dark folds of the cloth at the stern of the skiff parted quietly and a face looked out. It was Alan Hunter and he shook his head while his lips formed the words:

"Don't come. Please!"

(To be continued.)

trading goods. Now, if you and I as folks aren't real live businesses — and so going concerns — I don't know what we are! And if a big flat pine stump in the woods isn't a good place to have an inventory I don't know what is. We can read books by the ten thousand, and go to school by the year, and be scolded by the hour, but nothing tells us what WE REALLY ARE quite as quickly and safely and TRULY as do sixty quiet seconds all by ourselves in the woods. No mirror is so clear as solitude.

The very next time you are on a street car look at the faces of the folks across the aisle. They're TIRED faces, aren't they? Yes, they are tired, lined, pale faces — too many of them — even in the morning. And the well-dressed men who look like big business men — they're tired, too. Do you know that millions of people are tired all the time? — millions of people are never happy? They work too hard — yes — but they don't know enough to use their spare minutes for a little "thought time" each day when they could forget their work and bring something fine and true into their lives by thinking about it — when they could thank God for the good of each day and pray that the better shall be made the best.

The Problem

BY HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

I'm so excited!

My Daddy's been to Africa —
Been to hunt rhinoceros and, maybe,
chimpanzees;

He's going to bring me

A "something that I'll like," he says,
When the steamship brings him back
from far across the seas.

I'm so excited!

For he'll be getting home today,
Brown and big and bearded in a taxicab
from Wyke;

He'll have valises,

And guns in shiny leather sheathes,
And on the baggage-rack will ride the
"something that I'll like!"

And I'm so excited!

For what I'd like's an elephant,
Gray, with tusks and curly trunk to pick
up toys and things!

He'd sleep in my room,

And rock the baby, 'stead of Nurse,
And help to wheel the wagon in with tea
when Mother rings!

I'm so excited!

For if it is an elephant —
— That is what I'd like the most — so
that it's bound to be! —

How shall we bathe him?

For honestly, our tub's too small
To hold at once an elephant and Baby
Tom and me!

THE CROW'S NEST

BY
WAITSTILL
HASTINGS
SHARP

Text: Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. — *Philippians 4:8.*

the woods happy until the skunk cabbage puts its shiny green leaves through the black swamp mold next spring.

And so, if you're like me, you will be thoughtful — and perhaps even sad — several times this fall. Hikes and Hallowe'en parties and Thanksgiving are great, but I hope that you'll get away for a quiet time all by yourself in the bare, lonely woods. Then find a big flat pine stump and sit down for some "long, long thoughts."

We don't do enough thinking — you and I. We're too busy with living to think about living. Don't you imagine that our lives would be really a lot cleaner and wiser and more effective — and so HAPPIER — if we took a little more time to think about what we are doing and trying to do? Don't you think, if we went off into the woods now and then for a good long careful look at ourselves, that we could find out just what kind of boys and girls we really are — and just what kind of men and women we are going to be if we keep on going as we have started?

Every now and then business men lock the doors of their shops or keep their clerks late at night and count all the pieces of goods in their stores. Everything is numbered and *evaluated*. And they call this an *inventory*. An inventory is an effort to find out just how much a going concern is worth.

"A going concern" means a real live business that's making and selling and



IF there is one time of the year more than another when you and I are likely to be thoughtful it is in November. Just see how the color and life seem to have gone out of the world! The good old faithful pines and hemlocks and spruces are all that hold their leaves. Nowhere else can we see the bright greens and moving boughs of summer. And the grass and ferns are all bent over and have turned brown, too. And all the birds have gone but solemn old Jim Crow and Tit Chickadee and Downy Woodpecker and Chief Blue Jay. They are pretty few and far between to keep



THE BEACON CLUB

THE EDITOR'S POST BOX

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Dear Beacon Clubbers: One of our members has suggested that we have a column about Stamps on this page. We should like to hear from other members as to whether or not such a column would be of interest to them. We are even prepared to offer a reward of several rather unusual foreign stamps for the best letter or short article (not more than 200 words) on the subject of stamp collecting, to be written by a boy or girl not over fifteen years of age. Possibly we might arrange for the exchange of stamps between correspondents. Would this interest you?

THE EDITOR.

50 SUMTER ST.,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Dear Editor: I am only a little boy six years old. I should like to join your club and hear from other little boys or girls. I go to the Unitarian Church Sunday School and my mother reads *The Beacon* to me.

Sincerely,
HERBERT J. E. BOYCE.

2222 COLLINGWOOD AVE.,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Dear Editor: I read *The Beacon* every Sunday we get it and like it very much. I should like to belong to the Beacon Club. I read all the letters. I go to the Unitarian Church in Toledo. Our minister is Dr. Westwood. I go to Fulton School. My teacher's name is Miss Shirley. I am in the fourth and fifth grades.

Your loving friend,

BETTY LASALLE.

167 PORTER ST.,
MELROSE, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am eight years old and go to the Unitarian Church School. Miss Beshong is my teacher. I should like to belong to the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

MARY SHERMAN.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

THE CUBS' COLUMN

Dear Cubs: We asked Marjorie Bean, of Medford, Mass., to tell us a little more about the meaning of the word "sincerely," to which she referred in a postscript to her letter, and are giving first place in our Column to a short article written by her on this subject.

Mary Parmly Sachs, of St. Louis, again wins an award, — this time for her poem entitled "The Sun."

THE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

The Derivation of the Word "Sincerely"

BY MARJORIE E. BEAN

Long ago, in the city of Rome, men were employed in building, as they are today. They sometimes used wax as one of the ingredients in the mortar. The person for whom the house was being built was angry when he discovered this. Thereafter he had the men sign the blocks "*sine cera*" which means without wax. Later, people put the words together and used it for the ending of letters.

The Sun

BY MARY PARMLY SACHS (AGE 11)

The sun comes through the branches
And changes on its way
The flowers, leaves and bushes
And makes the birdies gay.

The dew, then, looks like diamonds,
The pansies look like kings,
The poppy turns to fire
And every robin sings.

The children's eyes grow brighter,
They play and laugh and run
Until the sun goes westward,
Which ends the day's glad fun.

PUZZLERS

Enigma

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 4, 5, 2, 8 is a member of a clan.
My 1, 11, 12, 13 is a wild animal.
My 3, 6, 7 is a pronoun.
My 9, 17, 10 is above us.
My 14, 15, 16, 9, 8 is to raise higher boys.
My whole is an interesting book for boys.

J. W. M.

Twisted Rivers of Five Continents

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Sourmisi. | 6. Tobpenose. |
| 2. Nabdue. | 7. Conoe. |
| 3. Ringlad. | 8. Ramury. |
| 4. Ior Genor. | 9. Rangoe. |
| 5. Rephtuaes. | 10. Rigtis. |

GEORGE REED

Two Foreign Countries

We have given you the second and fourth letters of five words of four letters each. You are to print the name of a country in Europe in the first upright column, and the name of a country in Asia in the third upright column, and complete the five words.

. P . N
. A . T
. D . S
. R . S
. E . T

—The Target.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 5

Enigma.—Hallowe'en.

Charade.—Mouse-trap.

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